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VOLUME III.—NO. 21.

LOUISVILLE: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MACKIN COUNCIL.

The Cecilian Dramatic Club
Will Play for Its Benefit
Wednesday.

Some of the Benefits Furnished
Members by This Popu-
lar Society.

Has Purchased and Furnished
a Handsome New Club
House.

PUBLIC SPIRITED AND ENTERPRISING

On Wednesday evening, November 29, the Cecilian Dramatic Club will produce "Called Away," one of the prettiest dramas ever seen in Louisville. It is from the pen of that well-known play writer Richard Quinn, and is a high class play that readily appeals to the sympathies of both young and old, and never fails to please even the most skeptical. This play was produced about one year ago for the benefit of one of the Catholic churches here and was not only a big success financially, but placed this popular dramatic club well up among the semi-professional organizations of the Falls Cities. Among some of the talent that will appear in this play might be mentioned Frank G. Cunningham, whose ability in this line is too well known to require any introduction to the readers of this paper; Charles J. Ditto, who has attained a place high up in the ranks of the semi-professional class; R. L. Fisher, who made such a decided hit in the last production of this play, and who also needs no introduction to our readers; popular Charles S. Raidy, who has earned the title of stage detective; Barney J. Dawson, Mackin Council's popular comedian; Tello Webb, Cary Jones and T. E. Burkholder, who rank among the best. Misses Goldbach and Bee Mullarkey, two of the most popular young ladies in Catholic circles in the Falls Cities, who took leading parts in this play before, and who have won themselves into the hearts of the Louisville public, need no introduction. To say they have attained a place well up among the best of them is putting it lightly. A club of such popular, ambitious and talented young people as these is bound to meet with success, and it is safe to say that seats will be at a premium on this occasion.

The proceeds of the performance will apply toward furnishing Mackin Council's new club house, recently purchased. These young men of Mackin Council have taken upon themselves what to many others would be a big responsibility, but they have proved themselves "equal to the emergency" on more occasions than one, and it is safe to say this one will be no exception. These boys are all hustling, and claim they will own the best and most thoroughly equipped club house and gymnasium in the South, and if determination and hard work will accomplish it they will certainly make good their claim. Such public-spirited, energetic young men as the Mackin boys have proven themselves to be are the boys that make our very best business men; they are a credit to any community and should be encouraged in their undertakings by one and all. Any young man who is eligible to become a member of Mackin Council and is not such misses a rare opportunity in life. No association or organization offers to its members one-half so much for the money as does Mackin Council. Their new club house will be located on Twenty-sixth, near St. Cecilia, right on a good street car line, with a nice green lot 115 feet front by 190 feet deep; two pretty green lawns; club rooms and gymnasium furnished with all modern conveniences; a clever set of good, friendly boys for associates; an excellent library of the best books; pool tables, billiard tables, card rooms, etc.—in fact, everything that helps to make their council an ideal one, and of which any young man can be proud of his membership in.

An organization of this kind does more for the moral, social and intellectual improvement of Catholic young men than anything else under the sun. It keeps them in good company, places good, moral books at their disposal, keeps them off the street corners, out of bar rooms, from gambling their money away or spending it in dissipation. It elevates the mind, brightens the intellect—in short, makes a man of one—and every parent should see that his son, if eligible, should be a member of an organization like this, and where he will always be provided with not only the above advantages, but sick and death benefits.

These young men have taken a step that will not only interest their personal friends, but will interest the entire Catholic community. They have won the admiration of the public generally, which will support them in their great undertaking by not only attending the entertainment above referred to, but by their patronage in anything they give.

They expect to move into their new quarters this week, where they will be glad to see their many friends.

The executive officers and standing committees of the council embrace the names of the following:

President—William J. H. G. J.
First Vice-President—Charles S. Raidy.
Second Vice-President—William J. H. G. J.
Secretary—D. W. J.

Financial Secretary—George J. Lantz.
Recording Secretary—Lou H. Straub.
Corresponding Secretary—Mack Raidy.
Marshal—Martin Beyer.
Inside Sentinel—George Neal.
Outside Sentinel—Oscar Bronner.
Executive Committee—R. L. Fisher, Chairman; Thomas Burkholder, Jack Sage, John Kemper, George Seman.
Entertainment Committee—R. L. Fisher, Chairman; Charles S. Raidy, August Weber, John Harlow, Joseph Heckman, C. H. Zook, Jack Sage, Thomas Burkholder, Barney Dawson, Lou H. Straub.

SOME NOTES.
Reserved seat tickets can be procured at the club house.

The work of moving into the new home will begin Monday.

The well-known West End comedians, Pirman and Jones, have been assigned parts in "Called Away."

Casper Miller has promised the boys another pool table when they become settled in the new house.

The nomination of officers for the ensuing term takes place Tuesday evening, and the election will be held December 5.

Barney Dawson promises to surpass himself in his popular ragtime songs and dances Wednesday evening. Don't fail to see him.

The first meeting in the new club house will occur Tuesday evening. All members are urged to attend and inspect the new quarters.

Instead of simply walking across the street, the Raidy boys will hereafter have to walk about a half a mile. Here is an opportunity for the sale of two bicycles. Alderman William Patterson and Rudolph Hockstasser have donated \$150 to the house fund. Their liberality is highly appreciated by the members of Mackin Council and will never be forgotten by them.

MORNING WEDDING.

Miss Anna Shelley and Arthur
Musselman the Con-
tracting Parties.

Miss Anna Shelley and Arthur L. Musselman were united in marriage Tuesday morning. Rev. Father Logan performing the ceremony and celebrating the nuptial mass. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives of the happy pair at the church to witness the ceremony and a special musical programme was rendered by the choir, of which Miss Shelley has for several years been a member. The bride, who was handsomely gowned, is the accomplished sister of Assistant Tax Receiver Tom Shelley and the late James J. Shelley, and has reigned as a favorite since her debut in society circles. Mr. Musselman is a son of the late David Musselman, and holds a responsible position with the Mengel Box Company. Upon the conclusion of the services at the church the bride party were the guests of honor at an elegant wedding breakfast, after which they left for Washington and New York City to spend their honeymoon. Upon their return they will make their home at 421 West Oak street. With their hosts of friends we wish them a happy and successful journey through life.

ALL TURN OUT.

Hibernians of the City Will
Assemble Next Tues-
day Evening.

Division 1 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will have the largest meeting of the year next Tuesday evening, when eight candidates will be initiated. All members of the order in this city, New Albany and Jeffersonville are invited to be present to witness the new initiation ceremony, which will prove very interesting.

President Thomas Keenan and Secretary Tom Dolan will welcome the visitors and a most interesting and enjoyable evening is assured. This promises to be the forerunner of similar meetings by the other divisions of Louisville during the winter, and will serve to make the members of the order better acquainted and awaken a revival of interest in the work of adding to the number now on the membership rolls. There should be a big turn-out to hear the orators who will make addresses.

CURRAN-HARNON.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Maggie Harnon and James Curran, which will be solemnized at the Cathedral Wednesday afternoon next. Rev. Father Schumann officiating. The bride is a handsome young lady, very popular in social circles, and is a sister-in-law of Mr. Kesslering of the Galt House. James Curran, who has held the position of steward of the Louisville Hotel for the past thirteen years, is one of the best known Hibernians in this city, a member of the Knights and Division 4, and his number of friends are legion. The happy pair will occupy their own home at 725 Twenty-fifth street, where a reception will be held after the ceremony. They will have the best wishes of their many friends and acquaintances for a life of bliss and happiness.

CONDITION CRITICAL.

Patrick Owens, for the past fourteen years with the City Railway Company, who was thought to be on the road to recovery from his recent illness, has suffered a relapse and is now thought to be threatened with pneumonia at his home on West St. Catherine street.

LAST NIGHT.

The Bazar for the Sisters of the
Good Shepherd a Glo-
rious Success.

Magnificent Work Done by the
Friends of a Most Noble
Charity.

Hibernians Took Possession and
Made Everybody Happy
Thursday.

NAMES PLACED ON THE HONOR ROLL

The bazar for the benefit of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, now in progress at Music Hall, has been well patronized during the past week, and the indications all seem that the results will prove most gratifying. Each evening the hall has been thronged with the charitably disposed, the largest crowds being present Thursday and Friday evenings, when members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Irish-American Society turned out in force to aid in the noble work for which the fair has been held. The ladies and gentlemen in charge have labored zealously since the opening night, with the result that no one can be found who is not loud in praise of the treatment which they received.

The bazar was visited Wednesday evening by Rev. Fathers Lynch, Walsh, Rock and other clergymen. Besides these there were present Col. John Whallen and wife, Col. James Whallen and wife, Col. Lum Simons and many city officials and other prominent citizens. They were always the center of a throng of interesting maids and matrons, who unanimously voted them the most liberal patrons of the entire week. What Col. Simons could not win he bought, and Col. John Whallen and his brother Jim were most munificent in their patronage, donating to the Sisters many of their prizes.

As the bazar is drawing to a close, the Kentucky Irish-American feels called upon to mention at random some of the many ladies and gentlemen who are deserving of the greatest praise for their zeal and untiring labors in behalf of one of the grandest charitable institutions in the State of Kentucky.

The President, Edward J. O'Brien, is possessed of the faculty of being here, there and everywhere at one time. No gathering at any of the booths, on the stage or at the door is complete unless he is in the midst. With the great weight of the enterprise on his shoulders he moves through the crowd without a stoop, apparently unconcerned. It is a rare he carried willingly, and with his splendid management and the valuable assistance of John Crotty and Mike Duffy the fair could not fail to be a grand success.

The Press and Printing Committee, Messrs. A. Smith, R. J. Whelan, Tom Keenan, C. A. Curtin and E. J. Tierney, have secured the bazar the widest advertisement possible. The matter furnished the press by Chairman A. Smith stamps him a first-class newspaper man.

The Dominican fancy booth and dining room where the eatables have been dispensed is presided over by Mrs. Squire John McCann, assisted by Mesdames Green, L. Bell, Mattie Scott, Albert Bell, Misses Agnes Dugan, Mary Green, Maggie Campion, Annie Harmon, Laura Deconroy, Katie Green, Tillie Flynn, Katie Flanagan, Anita Bell and Lula Inoride, who have never failed to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Every one who partook of their dinner once never failed to return, bringing others. This speaks volumes for the chef and the fine executive ability of Mrs. McCann. Among the most welcome visitors here were Pat Bannon and Barney Campbell, who daily gave dinner parties to their friends. The fancy goods table, in charge of the Misses Flanagan, who are working unceasingly for its success, displays an ever increasing array of valuable articles. These ladies have spared neither time nor expense to make a most creditable showing, and the admirable equipment of their booth is a splendid tribute to their good taste, zeal and management.

The Sacred Heart booth has been an ever changing panorama of beauty. Big dolls, little dolls, fat dolls, poor dolls, aristocratic dolls, working dolls—dolls as Indians, cowboys, negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Siamese, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, etc.—in fact every nation under the sun was represented in the grand display. Here Mrs. Doerhoefer, assisted by Mesdames Tighe, Tom Tarpey, John Ryan, Joe Nevlin, Norton and East, and Misses Katie Doerhoefer, Lizzie McCormick and Mary McDonald attracted the largest crowds of the bazar to their booth. Many and well deserved were the compliments bestowed upon these ladies.

All hail to St. Patrick's, with its beautiful colors of white and green. Mrs. Slack and the good ladies under her charge are making the booth tell its own story in the good results displayed in its treasury. No member of that hustling parish passes the booth without giving the ladies presiding considerable work making change. St. Patrick's will be well in the front, thanks to the genial ladies in charge at the close. They are Mesdames Thomas Keenan, J. J. Flynn, Joe Vetter, D. F. Murphy, Ed Tierney, Ed Harkness, Mary Malloy, Margaret Foley, R. J. O'Brien,

Will Harris, Richard Whallen, Miles White, John Riley, and Misses Mamie Keenan, Marie O'Brien, Katie and Rodie Guy, Lillie and Lillie Packler, Mamie Tierney.

The Cathedral booths have been and are continuing to do nobly. Mrs. Chas. Smith and Mrs. George Hoertz, Jr., have spared no pains to bring them to a good paying basis, and the crowds that throng around them are as many tributes to the taste and enterprise of these ladies. Many and costly are the articles which the ladies of the Cathedral have secured for this table and which serve to show how admirably they have worked for the success of the bazar. Those ladies have been ably assisted by Mesdames Margaret Burke, Ellen Purcell, T. J. Tierney, Geo. Wright, and Misses Katie and Fannie Smith, two charming young ladies whose indefatigable work added much to the gratifying results achieved. Mollie and Nellie McElhenney, Lizzie Glynn, Mary Smith, Carolyn and Adele Kampfmuller, Nina Smith, Bayless and May McCloskey, Henrietta Kaiser, Kate Walsh, Mary Cummings, Rosa Quinn, L. Grady, Mary Brennan, Lizzie Reynolds, Lula Fontana and Miss Finn.

Mrs. Denunzio and Mrs. Hoertz have the booth dear to the heart feminine. The most exquisite of needlework here displayed lures the contents from many a sorrowing purse. The temptation to buy is almost too much for the poorest purse to resist, and consequently the ladies in charge are kept busy waiting upon customers; there are smiling times and tearful times as one comes in to see a cherished article taken by another. However, as Mrs. D. and Mrs. H. kindly inform would-be purchasers, the Sisters will duplicate everything on the table. This table also owes much of its success to Misses Mary McGinn, Lizzie Glynn, T. Kiely and Katie Keating, to whose charming treatment of visitors many of the largest sales are due.

At St. Brigid's booth the indefatigable Miss Barrett has left nothing to be desired. With her competent aids she has succeeded in placing it in the front rank of attractiveness and merit. It goes without saying that St. Brigid's parish as represented in the booth will make a most worthy and excellent showing. This parish is handsomely represented by Mesdames E. Lane, Mary Mitchell, Joseph Hoertz, and Misses Mary Barrett, Jennie Campbell, Nellie and Dora Barrett, Lula Stey and Katie Barrett, who have never failed to make it interesting and agreeable for all callers.

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In the intervals of the music loud laughs of glee and fun may be heard coming from the purple and yellow booth. What is the cause of all this merriment? The museum and art gallery with its unique ideas, both literary and comical, is affording all this amusement to the crowds who nightly enjoy the exhibit. It is under the management of Misses Rose Kavanagh and Keyer, and the many delightful surprises in store for visitors are worth much more than the dime spent for admission. The damsel therein surpasses that of any competing booth.

The Telegraph Station, with its busy click, click, owes much to the efforts of those earnest workers, Mesdames Wathen and Wesel. Every evening these good workers could be seen flitting hither and thither with their friendly messages, and, unlike the messenger boy of song and story, there is no delay. Prompt delivery and quick returns is the order, and success is attending their efforts.

St. Mary's, with its pretty blue and white, will be indebted to the amiable and earnest Miss Reverman and aids, who are doing nobly with the toys and games. The little ones from the schools make the longest stay here and always leave with regret. St. Mary's will make a good showing.

Miss Goss and her aids are making the fish-pond need nightly a new supply of the finny tribe to satiate the appetites of the numerous Isaac Walton's, who fish on its banks every day and return for more piscatorial sport in the evening. They are doing a good business. The wheel booth has also done handsomely, owing to the efforts of Misses Teresa Reverman, Mamie Hermann, Dora and Josephine Hubbuch and a bevy of lovely assistants.

There are others than those above named who should have been mentioned, but who were so busy our representative could not catch them.

The ladies' coffee social Thursday afternoon was attended by about 500, and was the most enjoyable of any of the afternoon events.

Those who would spend a most enjoyable evening and help a worthy cause should not fail to attend tonight.

HAPPY FATHER.

Col. Zeno M. Young, the genial Secretary of the Central Labor Union, was called to Guthrie Wednesday, where his wife presented him with a lovely daughter. Upon his arrival the little miss gave her papa a hearty welcome. His many printer friends united in sending their congratulations. Both mother and daughter are doing splendidly.

BECOMES A HOOSIER.

John T. Raidy, the well-known hotel chef, has resigned his place at the Galt House and will be hereafter associated with the Hotel Gentry at Bloomington, Ind. He left here Tuesday for French Lick, where he will spend several days before assuming his new charge. The Hotel Gentry has been fortunate in securing his services. Mr. Raidy spent several seasons at the French Lick Hotel and enjoys a fine reputation.

It is always better to establish a man than to hire him.

MAUD GONNE.

Why She Urges Soldiers of the
Queen to Fight for the
Boers.

Daughter of a British Colonel
Hates England for Her
Cruelty.

Wants Only Home Rule and An
Irish Parliament for the
Green Isle.

ENJOYED PARNELL'S CONFIDENCE.

Here is the daughter of a British Colonel urging British soldiers to desert to the Boer standard and offering to lead a regiment of Boers into battle.

Her name is Maud Gonne. She is called the Irish Joan of Arc, and is proud of the name. Perhaps that has something to do with her offer to ride into battle at the head of a regiment.

She hates England because of the wrongs of Ireland—not her own wrongs, for she belongs to the favored class, and might easily, if her heart would let her, avert her eyes from the sufferings of the lowly.

It is one of Maud Gonne's guiding principles that everything that embarrasses England must help Ireland. Hence she has seized upon the Transvaal war as an opportunity to undermine the fidelity of her countrymen among the British troops sent against the Boers.

She has flitted from the continent to Dublin, a beautiful figure of Cassandra, prophesying woe to the oppressor. "May God prosper the Boer!" she cried in addressing a recent meeting of Irishmen.

And as she spoke a painter might well have caught inspiration from her for a picture of some prophetic or of the veritable Joan of Arc.

"A brow crowned with a halo of golden hair; large eyes which are now filled with indignation, now bathed in tears of pity; a graceful, slender and supple figure; the gesture large and noble; the whole appearance stamped with a character of supreme elegance—such is Maud Gonne."

That is a Frenchman's description, written by La Petite Gironde, at a time when Miss Gonne was telling Bordeaux about Ireland's wrongs.

It was a Frenchman, too, who dubbed her the "Irish Joan of Arc," and the phrase lived because of its truth. Also a Frenchman could imagine no greater compliment.

But hear her words on British soil, sung in the face of a jingo Government: "A deep debt of gratitude is due to those Irishmen in South Africa who have joined the Boer army."

"It is a terrible sorrow and humiliation to know that there are regiments of Irish name fighting against the Boers, but it is to be hoped that those soldiers, when they see the green flag of Ireland waving side by side with the banner of the Transvaal, will even at the eleventh hour remember that they too are Irishmen!"

"At that moment may they cast off the hideous English uniform and fight on the side of right and justice!"

"Brothers, the cause of the Transvaal is our cause. All of you who are not kept here by absolute obligations must come with me and fight with the Boers."

"The time for our final struggle has not come. The hour is not propitious. But down there you can help the cause of right against might. Remember that every blow struck at England is for the good of Ireland."

The British Government has learned by experience that it is not the part of wisdom to manufacture martyrs, and in the case of a beautiful and lovable woman such a policy would be trebly disastrous.

So Maud Gonne enjoys free speech to incite British soldiers to desert their standard on the field of battle and turn their guns against the forces of the Queen.

She is perfectly sincere about it. In her heart of hearts she believes that treachery ceases to be a crime when employed by Irishmen against England. Every weapon she conceives to be a good one if it be used to achieve freedom and avenge oppression.

What startles the English who read of the red edition she preaches is that this is the daughter of the late Col. Gonne, of the Sixteenth Lancers, a loyal and valiant soldier of the Queen, conspicuous by his personal bravery and because he commanded a crack regiment. And above all the storm of horrified comment sounds the ejaculation:

"What would Col. Gonne say?"

And yet Maud Gonne is not extreme in her demands for Ireland. She professes no desire to see the union dissolved—to see Ireland a nation. Home rule is the extent of her political dream.

Let Ireland have a Parliament of her own, and the Irish Joan of Arc would be content to see the little green island remain part of the United Kingdom.

It was through emotion rather than reason that this high-bred woman became a patriot when she was only a girl of fourteen. The spectacle of suffering and wrong appealed so powerfully to her compassion that it captured her whole being and swept all other interests out of her life.

She was born in 1860, near the Gap of

Dunloe, and in childhood learned to know and love the traditions of patriots who had taken shelter in the mountains round about. In the lovely country surrounding her ancestral home lurked many a cave and glen associated with the name of some doughty rebel who had there defied the pursuit of the redcoats. Maud Gonne loved them all.

At the age of ten she was sent to England for her education. Four years later, when she was home for a vacation, occurred the episode that converted her from a thoughtless schoolgirl into a woman with a purpose.

She was driving home one cold and wet October evening through the region of Glengriff, close to the shore of Bantry bay. In the midst of the desolation she heard the sounds of women wailing and saw a flickering light.

Hard by the ruin of what had once been a peasant's cabin she found a fishing boat turned bottom up and propped a few feet above the sod by stones. Around it for shelter against the weather were curtained the boat's sails.

From here the light came, and the wailing. The fishing boat was a house—and a house of mourning.

Col. Gonne's daughter pulled aside a corner of the sail and entered. She was made welcome with the gentle hospitality that distinguishes the poorest of her race.

In the midst of the circle that crouched on the sodden turf lay Michael McGrath, with candles at his head and at his feet. The sails were inadequate protection against the storm, and drops of rain fell upon the wasted face of the dead.

In the cries of the women and children swaying in the candlelight, in the dark faces of the men who bowed their heads in silence, Maud Gonne with ready intuition divined that she was face to face with no common tragedy.

And these were the facts she learned: Michael McGrath had built his own cabin, and he tilled his little farm with industry. Lord Bantry, his landlord, wishing to turn the land into pasture, raised his rent from £48 to £105. Unable to pay the advance, an eviction was ordered.

Attached to the soil, and remembering Parnell's watchword, "Keep a firm grip on your homestead," McGrath barricaded the place, and with his wife, sister and four children, withstood a five-days' siege by using boiling water as a weapon of defense. Then the little family was starved out.

But this was not final. When the coast was clear McGrath moved back to his little homestead. That was a breach of the law, and he was sent to jail.

His wife went back to the farm. She was sent to jail.

His sister and eldest daughter went back. They were sent to jail. This troublesome family kept the authorities busy a long time, for no sooner would one of them be released than he or she would go back home.

All were arrested and imprisoned in this way three times. Then, as a last resort, Lord Bantry destroyed the house McGrath had built.

The undaunted McGrath turned to his fishing boat. Neighbors helped him to move it over to the farm, alongside the ruins of the homestead.

His case was a celebrated one by that time. The Land League helped him with funds. But imprisonment and exposure had done their work. He caught typhus fever, and the canvas walls of his house helped Lord Bantry to get rid of an unwelcome tenant.

Such was the story Maud Gonne heard that chill October evening. What she had seen shocked her so profoundly that for weeks afterward she was ill in bed.

"Father," she said, when she was recovering, "I'll do something for Ireland yet!"

Col. Gonne died six years later. His wife had long been dead. At twenty Maud Gonne was an orphan, with a handsome fortune in her own right.

Ireland's prospects were much brighter then, for Gladstone was in power and working hand in hand with Parnell. Then came the Salisbury Government. Coercion.

When Ireland's cry went up once more, Maud Gonne remembered her vow.

She turned away from the splendor of Dublin Castle, where her wit and beauty made her an honored guest at every vice-regal entertainment, and hurried to Donegal to use her fortune to relieve distress, and her eloquence to assail what she deemed tyranny.

She quickly won the confidence of Parnell and the other leaders of the nation, and by the peasants was hailed as a deliverer.

Later she went to France to enlist French sympathy for her countrymen. Her public addresses became a vogue. In Paris she established a paper, "L'Irlande Libre," which is still issued. Two years ago she visited this country, and received a magnificent welcome from the Irish of America.

And now. Will Maud Gonne's reverence for the Maid of Orleans lead her to ride into battle in the vanguard of the Boers?

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

Rev. Father Murphy will inaugurate the forty hours' devotion at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene at the high mass tomorrow morning. They will open with a grand procession and close Tuesday.

BRENNAN RESIGNED.

Patrolman John Brennan, who during his ten months' service on the police force has made a very favorable reputation, resigned from the force Thursday morning to engage in business.

Being in your job printing.

LIVES ENDED.

Two of Louisville's Most Highly
Esteemed Residents
Pass Away.

Thomas A. Mulligan, the Best-
Known Hotel Man in
the South,

And Mrs. Peter Martin, Who
Resided for Many Years
in the West End.

BOTH WERE PROMINENT CATHOLICS.

Thomas A. Mulligan, the popular hotel manager and well-known Catholic society man, died Wednesday evening after a three weeks' illness of pneumonia, and the sad announcement caused inexpressible grief throughout the entire city. For the three preceding days his condition was very critical, but his friends and attendants had hopes of his recovery until within a few hours before the end. By his death Louisville loses another of her most progressive citizens, one who never tired of adding to her reputation abroad and prosperity at home. His hospitality and charity were proverbial and his fame extended over the entire country.

The deceased gentleman was in the prime of life, forty-three years old, and his death will prove an irreparable blow to his devoted wife and children and his relatives, who are prostrated with grief. Before his passing away the sacrament of extreme unction was administered by Revs. Father Logan and Raffo. Mrs. Mulligan, his son Harry and daughter Loretta and his brothers were at his bedside when his soul took its flight to its Creator.

Mr. Mulligan was born in Pembroke, Canada, and at the age of fifteen engaged in the hotel business, which he followed with unvarying success. In 1881 he came to this city and filled the position of chief clerk at the Galt House until 1890, when he became the general manager of the Louisville Hotel, which under his administration has enjoyed the greatest prosperity in its history.

While in Toronto he was married to Miss Elina Murphy, who with his son and daughter survive him. His son Harry, now eighteen years old, was made a Colonel on Gov. Bradley's staff four years ago, and enjoys the distinction of being the youngest possessor of that title in the State. His daughter Loretta was completing her education at Chicago, but was called home because of his illness.

Mr. Mulligan was one of the founders of the Knights of Columbus Council in this city, and no one stood higher in Catholic circles than he. A friend of the rich and poor alike, his loss is mourned by the entire community and his place will not be easily filled. Messages of condolence and sympathy have been received in large numbers from all parts of the United States and Canada, all deploring his unexpected and untimely end. His funeral occurred yesterday morning from the Dominican Church, the solemn requiem mass being celebrated with Rev. Father Logan as celebrant, assisted by Fathers Raffo and Ackerman. The church would not hold the throngs that tried to gain admission.

Mr. Mulligan's death was the first to occur in the ranks of the Knights of Columbus, which society passed appropriate resolutions at a meeting held Thursday evening, as did also the Catholic Club. After the services at the church the remains were deposited in the vault at Cave Hill, where they will remain until they are shipped to Chicago for burial.